

You're the One

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Summary: Proposal phanfic! Inspired by the OPM song "Ikaw" by Yeng Constantino. Dan reflects on his love for Phil as he prepares to make another milestone in their relationship.

You're the One

****Hey guys! While your heart may still be having the feels from Chances and Porcelain, I thought I'd post a phan fic to reassure you guys I can write fluff. Straying away from Vocaloid music, this one-shot is inspired by an OPM (original Philippine music) song. This is one of Yeng Constantino's songs. It's called Ikaw, which means "You" in Filipino. She does indie/pop rock music, which fits my genre of music perfectly. If you'd like, check out the song on YouTube before you start reading. Especially the music video, because it made me a puddle of goo. It'll get you in the mood.****

****WARNING: None, because this is pure Phan fluff. I'm on a mission to melt your hearts this time instead of breaking it.****

* * *

><p>A rush of nerves rush through Dan's body. He looks down on his iPhone screen. 8:24 PM. Phil will be home soon.<p>

He tries to relax his tense shoulders. He has been on edge for the whole day. He has been anticipating this moment for the last few months. He hopes his plan will work. He hopes it won't backfire.

His heart thuds erratically against his chest. So much for trying to relax.

**At the ticking of time**

**You are the one I'm thinking of**

**I can't stop the beating of my heart**

Phil. His beloved Phil. Phil, who has captured his heart the moment they met back in 2009. Phil, who can easily leave him as a bumbling mess. Phil, who is on his mind every minute of every day. Phil, who is always there for him. Phil, who knows everything about him. Phil, who he loves to the ends of the earth.

He glances around his bedroom. Everything is set. The candles are set. The lights are off. The rose petals are on the piano. The cooler has the bottles of wine waiting to be opened. A folded piece of blue paper is on his bedsheets, words waiting to be read. A pokeball (or in this case a master ball) is next to the paper, encasing an item he is excited for Phil to see.

8:27. Any minute now.

If PJ and Louise did it right, Phil should be back around 8:30. His plan was to make Phil go on a wild goose-chase while he made preparations for tonight. He bought the candles, roses, and wine. He practiced on the piano again and again the song he'll play for Phil. He made sure the notecards he gave to PJ and Louise were distributed in the right places around London. With the help of their fans, every notecard was given to a fan, each containing a clue for the next location Phil is supposed to go.

But the locations aren't random. No matter how random Dan is, his randomness was contained for his plan. The locations he chose are significant to them.

The train station where they first met.

The sandwich shop where they had their first date.

The Starbucks where he told Phil he loved him for the first time.

The video game store where they had an argument that almost broke them up.

The O2 arena where they did the Brit Awards for the last few years (he wanted to torture him and make him climb it again).

PJ's house, where PJ once caught them going at it (they were in their PDA stage).

And here, their apartment, the last stop of the wild goose-chase.

He hears footsteps coming from the hallway. Phil is here.

**You are the one I'm wishing for**

**Ever since I realized**

**My heart has loved you everyday**

"Dan?" Phil calls out.

He stays quiet. There's a giddy smile on his face.

"Dan? Where are you?" His voice is getting closer. "You are a madman for making me do that."

Dan's phone vibrates in his hands. Two texts; from one Louise, one from PJ.

Louise: Best of luck! No matter what happens, I'm here for you.

PJ: If Phil says no, I'll slap him silly.

He chuckles. Whatever happens tonight, at least he'll have shoulders to cry on.

"Dan." He looks up. Phil is at the doorway, a blue notecard in one of his hands.

Whenever I see you, time freezes

**And the world stops spinning**

**My heart willfully smiles**

"Hey," Dan says casually.

"Hey?" Phil steps into the room. His face is covered with a light sheen of sweat. His blue eyes take in the sight of the room. "What's the meaning of this?"

He stands up and walks over to Phil. "Do you trust me?"

"Of course I do. With my whole life."

"Then come here." He grabs Phil's hand and leads him to the piano. He sits down on his butt-shaped chair, while Phil sits to his left on a blue chair he dragged from the kitchen.

"What's going on?" Phil asks. "Are you trying to get in my pants? Because you know I'd gladly jump into bed with you if you ask."

"Yes and no," he answers with a smirk. "As much as I want to bang the living daylights out of you, there's something I'd like to do first."

"You learned to play a new song?"

"It's not exactly a new song. But I did learn how to play it." Dan's hands hover over the piano's keys. He exhales a drawn-out breath. "This is for you, Phil."

He starts to play and all the nerves that built up inside him while Phil was gone fades away. He sings the lyrics to the song that he plays to Phil whenever Phil has trouble falling asleep or when Phil dozes off while they watch a movie in the lounge. It's the song they play on BBC radio on their anniversary.

"Will you stay awake for me? I don't want to miss anything. I just don't want to miss anythingâ€¦"

Awake. Secondhand Serenade. A song Dan stumbled upon on Tumblr when a

fan wrote a phanfic based off said song.

"I will share the air I breathe. I'll give you my heart on a sleeve.
I just don't want to miss anythingâ€|"

It's their song. Phil is his angel. His angel bean. He compliments
Dan's personal comparison to an angel from hell.

****_After the question was answered_****

I remember back then****

When I wondered if anyone would truly love me****

Phil is his sun. He boosts Dan's spirits whenever he's down. His
innocence shines a light to his dark, not-so-innocent self. Having
Phil in his life made him learn to love in a romantic way. He fell in
love with the raven-haired man who's a magnet for danger and trouble,
who retained a childlike quality most people he knows no longer has,
who once gave up eating pancakes in March for 40 Days of Lent (Dan
gave up wearing his halo t-shirt).

"You love me?"

"Of course I do, you spork!"

"Thank god! I thought I was the only one."

It was somewhere during those 40 days when Dan confessed to Phil that
he wanted to be more than his friend. And, low and behold, Phil felt
the same way.

When Dan finishes singing the last lines of Awake and plays the
remaining notes on the piano, there are tears threatening to fall
from Phil's eyes.

"Danâ€|" Phil whispers.

Dan scoots his chair back and walks over to the bed, grabbing the
paper and the master ball. He makes his way back to Phil and holds
out the folded piece of paper to the older man.

"Here's the last clue." He watches Phil take the paper from him.
"Will you read it out to me?"

Phil nods. He unfolds the paper and reads aloud what Dan wrote.
"Congrats, you've made it to the last place. By now you should be
tired as hell." He laughs. "I am tired, bear!"

Dan chuckles. "Keep reading."

"The search ends here. This is the place where love blossomed between
you and I. Okay, the love existed when we lived in Manchester, but
that was friendship love. True love came when we arrived in London.
In this very room, I realized I had feelings for you. This is where
we had our first kiss, had sex for the first time, and knew I
couldn't live without you."

In the midst of Phil's reading, Dan stands on one knee on the floor,
holding the master ball behind his back. Phil finishes reading the

paper and looks at Dan, being greeted with another shocking sight.

"Not only did I know I couldn't live without you, but I also knew you're my soul mate. We are meant to be. We were destined to meet, be best friends, and fall in love."

__**And I haven't loved**__

__**Like this yet and I hadn't**__

__**Thought about being with you for the rest of my life**__

With clammy palms, he opens the master ball. Phil's eyes widen when his blue orbs lock on the ring. His hands come up to cover his mouth.

"Will you marry me? Will you be a Pokemon master with me?"

A couple of minutes in silence passes before Phil slowly moves his head up and down.

"Is that a yes?"

"Of course that's a yes!" Phil blinks and the tears cascade down his cheeks. "Yes, Dan. I will marry you."

Dan's mouth forms a wide smile. He takes the ring out of the master ball. Leaving the master ball on the floor, he stands back up and grabs Phil's hands with his.

He slides the ring on the ring finger of Phil's left hand. "You have no idea how happy I am right now."

__**You're the love that I'm waiting for**__

__**My heart has grieved for a long time**__

__**Although you're here now**__

"Soâ€¦ you made me go on that ridiculous run all over London so you could propose to me?"

"Yeah. It's go big or go home, right?"

"This was big." Phil holds the hand wearing the ring up. "I'm the older one. Shouldn't it be me proposing?"

"We're both guys, Phil. It wouldn't have mattered."

"I guess you're right."

__**You're the love**__

__**That was given to me whole**__

__**You're the grace in my life**__

__**You are my happiness and my love**__

"I love you," Dan tells Phil.

Phil grins, his arms wrapping around the waist of his boyfriend, now fiancé. "I love you too."

Dan leans his head closer to Phil. Their lips meet in the middle, their mouths molding in a passionate kiss.

This is Phan, and for Dan, Phil is the one he has waited for.

* * *

><p>Yup. See guys? I can write fluff. I didn't plan on the one-shot to turn into a song fic, though I added one version of English-translated lyrics for Ikaw for the hell of it.

The ring in the master ball was an idea I got from an article on Facebook. Guys, if your girlfriend loves Pokemon, I highly recommend this is the way you should propose to her. I know I'd want my future boyfriend to do that.

Out of all the years I wrote fanfiction, I've NEVER written a proposal fic. If it sounded incredibly cheesy, that's pretty much why. I'm so used to writing angsty fics that I kinda forgot how to write sweet fluffy fics like I used to do in middle school.

Go listen to SS's Awake! DO IT. SS was the band that introduced me to rock music. Fall for You is the one all SS fans should know, but my personal favorite is A Twist in my Story.

Until next time.

~ AA

End
file.